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The Poet's Calendar.

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JANUARY

Ben Jonson

1574–1637

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SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY 1

SATURDAY

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

We must plant a guard
Of thought to watch and ward
At the eye and ear, the ports unto the mind,
That no strange or unkind
Object arrive there.

I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good th
great;

JANUARY

Geoffrey Chaucer

1328-1400

SUNDAY 3

Trouthe is the highest thing that man may kepe.

MONDAY 4

Now have I than such a condicioun,
That of all the flourës in the mede,
Than love I most thise flourës white and rede,
Suche as men callen daysyes in her toun.

TUESDAY 5

But for to speken of hir conscience,
Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
Sche woldë weepe if that sche saw a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.

WEDNESDAY 6

Not oo word spak he morë than was neede,
And that was seid in form and reverence
And schort and quyk, and ful of high sentence.

THURSDAY 7

Sownynge in moral vertue was his speche
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

FRIDAY 8

The lyfe so short, the crafte so long to lerne.

SATURDAY

The first vertue, sone, if thou wilt lerne
[illegible] thy tongue

JANUARY

William Shakespeare

1564–1616

SUNDAY 10

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

MONDAY 11

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so we find profit
By losing of our prayers.

TUESDAY 12

There is some soul of goodness in things ev
Would men observingly distil it out.

WEDNESDAY 13

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

THURSDAY 14

Verily I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd upon a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

FRIDAY 15

Oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault worse by the excuse.

SATURDAY 16

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

JANUARY

Walter Savage Landor

1779–1864

SUNDAY 17

MONDAY 18

TUESDAY 19

WEDNESDAY 20

THURSDAY 21

FRIDAY 22

SATURDAY 23

Leaf after leaf drops off, flower after flower,
Some in the chill, some in the warmer hour;
Alike they flourish and alike they fall,
And Earth who nourisht them receives them all,
Should we, her wiser Sons, be less content
To sink into her lap when life was spent?

I would not be a star in winter nights,
In summer days I would not be a flower;
Flowers seldom live thro' half their time, torn off,
Twirl'd round, and indolently cast aside.

The wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies
And love to hear 'em told.

Many love music but for music's sake,
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast half-dead,
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.

Low must be those whom mortal can sink lower,
Nor high are they whom human power may raise.

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

All men with human feelings love their country.

JANUARY

Robert Herrick

1591-1674

Old Parson Beanes hunts six dayes of the week,
And on the seaventh, he has his notes to seek.
Six dayes he hollows so much breath away,
That on the seaventh, he can nor preach nor pray.

Those saints, which God loves best,
The devill tempts not least.

Tears, though th'aie here below the sinners'
brine,
Above they are the angels spiced wine.

Love is a circle that doth restless move
In the same sweet eternity of love.

Look how our foule dayes do exceed our fair;
And as our bad, more than our good works are:
Men are prone
To do ten bad, for one good action.

When a daffodill I see,
Hanging down his head toward me;
Guess I may, what I must be
First, I shall decline my head;
Secondly, I shall be dead;
Lastly, safely buryed.

What conscience, say, is it in thee
When I a heart had one,
To take away that heart from me,
And to retain thy own?

JANUARY

Charles S. Calverley

1831–1884

No doubt some mystery underlies
All things which are and which are not:
And 'tis the function of the Wise
Not to expound to us What is What.

FEBRUARY

I loiter down by thorp and town;
For any job I'm willing;
Take here and there a dusty brown
And here and there a shilling.

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,
(O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers:
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours.

O if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
Could be furled together this genial weather
And carted, or carried on wafts away,
Nor ever again breathed out,—ah me!
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be!

And all purest, loveliest fancies
That in poets' souls may dwell,
Started into shape and substance
At the touch of Raphael.

Read not Milton, for he is dry; nor Shakespeare, for he wrote of common life:
Nor Scott, for his romances, though fascinating, are yet intelligible:
Nor Thackeray, for he is a Hogarth, a photographer who flattereth not:
Nor Kingsley, for he shall teach thee that thou shouldst not dream, but do.
Read incessantly thy Burke.

FEBRUARY

William Wordsworth

1770-1850

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our Life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting and cometh
from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart.

Pleasures newly found are sweet.

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do takea sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

FEBRUARY

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1792-1822

Lift not the painted veil which those who live
Call Life; though unreal shapes be pictured there,
And it but mimic all we would believe
With colours idly spread,—behind lurk Fear
And Hope, twin destinies.

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep,—that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
Of those who wake and live.

The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,
So solemn, so serene, that man may be
But for such faith with Nature reconciled.

For winter came; the wind was his whip,
One choppy finger was on his lip;
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles.

Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
Remote, serene, and inaccessible.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

The race
Of man flies far in dread; his work and dwelling
Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,
And their place is not known.

FEBRUARY

John Milton

1608–1674

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all.

How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me
As in my mother's lap.

That power
Which erring men call chance,
If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

Now conscience wakes despair
That slumbered, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be.

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.

A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie.

FEBRUARY

James and Horace Smith

1775–1839 1779–1849

Your voiceless lips, O, flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Jokes are like trees; their place of birth
Best suits them.

MARCH

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,
And the feathered race rejoices with a gush of tuneful birds,
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,
O, thou sunny first of March! be it dedicate to thee.

Some aim to tell a thing that hit
Where last they dined; what there was wit,
Here meets rebuffs and crosses.

Who can mark thee, poppy, when the air
Fans thy lips bright,
Nor move his own in sympathetic prayer,
To Him whose might
Combined the powers—O thought—bewildering deed,
Of death, sleep, health, oblivion, in a weed.

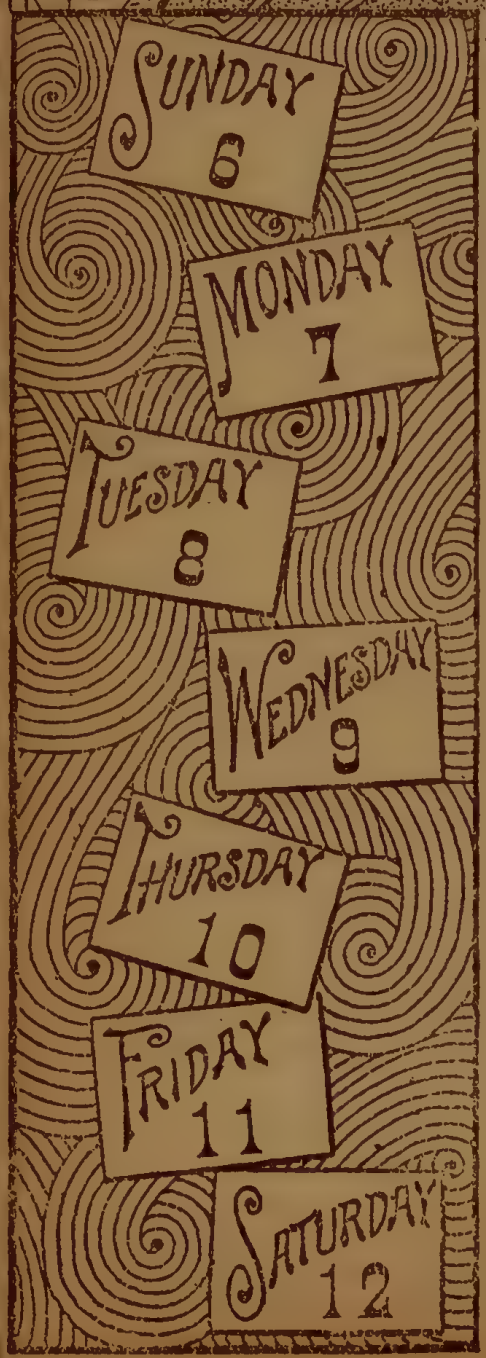
Shun technicals in each extreme;
Exclusive talk, whate'er the theme,
The proper boundary passes.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In loving virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

MARCH

George Herbert

1593-1632



The God of Love my shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed,
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the yeare; but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.

Sweet spring full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Hope can disperse the thickest clouds of night,
That fear hath overspread the soule withall;
And make the darkest shadows shine as bright
As the sunbeams spread upon a silver wall.

He that doth live at home, and learns to know
God and himself, needeth no further go.

Envy not greatness! For thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.

MARCH

John Dryden

1631–1701

SUNDAY 13

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.

MONDAY 14

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

TUESDAY 15

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

WEDNESDAY 16

Look round the habitable world! How few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue.

THURSDAY 17

Men are but children of a larger growth.

FRIDAY 18

Great wits are sure to madness near allied.
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

SATURDAY 19

Wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.

MARCH

Alexander Pope

1688–1744

SUNDAY 20

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.

MONDAY 21

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise.

TUESDAY 22

Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.

WEDNESDAY 23

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

THURSDAY 24

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

FRIDAY 25

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

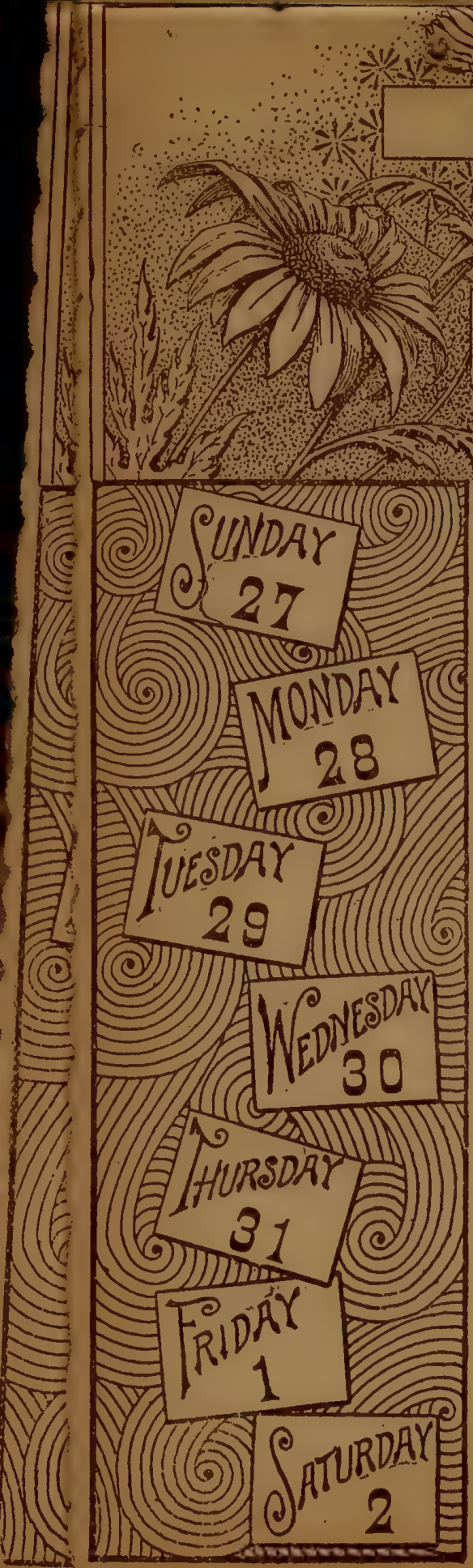
SATURDAY 26

Never elated when a man's oppressed;
Never dejected while another's blessed.

MARCH

Thomas Gray

1716–1771



The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour ;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

But Knowledge, to their eyes, her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven—'Twas all he wished —a friend.

A favorite has no friend.

APRIL

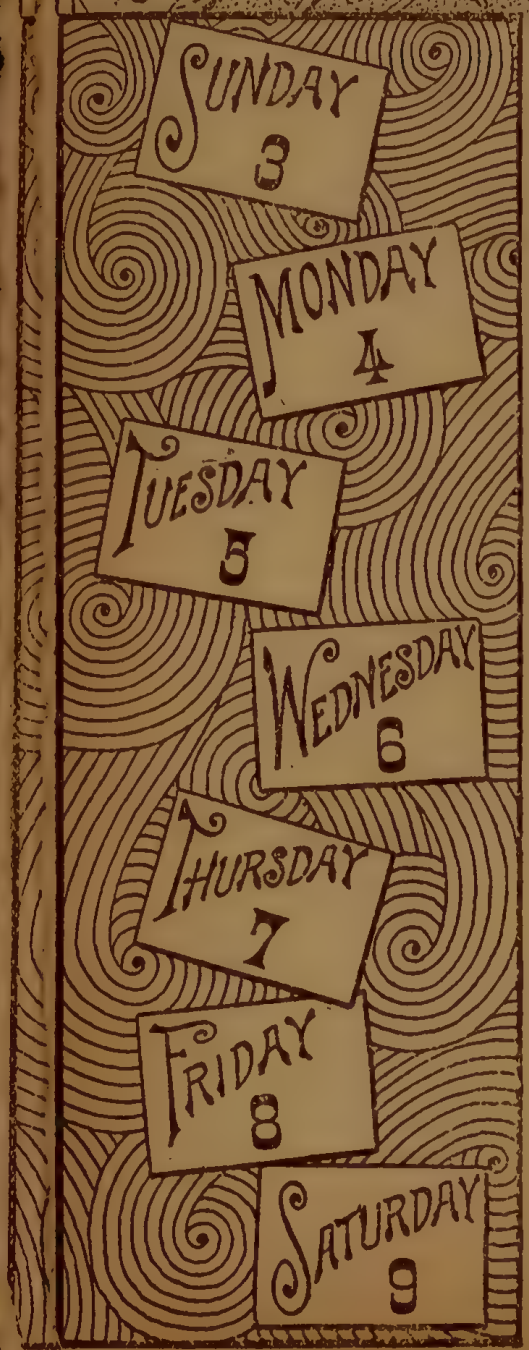
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

APRIL

William Cowper

1731–1800



We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die, too; the deep foundations that we lay
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.

Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows; and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.

Great offices will have
Great talents; and God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.

Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own,
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The men materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind oppressed.

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home.

APRIL

Robert Burns

1757–1796

SUNDAY 10

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

MONDAY 11

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever.

TUESDAY 12

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

WEDNESDAY 13

Grant me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pain they give;
Deal Freedom's Sacred Treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

THURSDAY 14

O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!

FRIDAY 15

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border.

SATURDAY 16

I'll no say men are villains a',
The real harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law
Are to a few restricted.

APRIL

Oliver Goldsmith

1728–1774

Think not to-morrow can repay
The debt of pleasure lost to-day.
Alas! to-morrow's richest store
Can but pay its proper sphere.

These little things are great to little men.

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil.

His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

O Memory, thou fond deceiver!
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

APRIL

William Blake

1757–1827

SUNDAY 24

MONDAY 25

TUESDAY 26

WEDNESDAY 27

THURSDAY 28

FRIDAY 29

SATURDAY 30

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk or Jew;
Where mercy, love and pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

Tiger, tiger burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

Every morn and every night
Some are born to sweet delight;
Some are born to sweet delight,
Some are born to endless night.

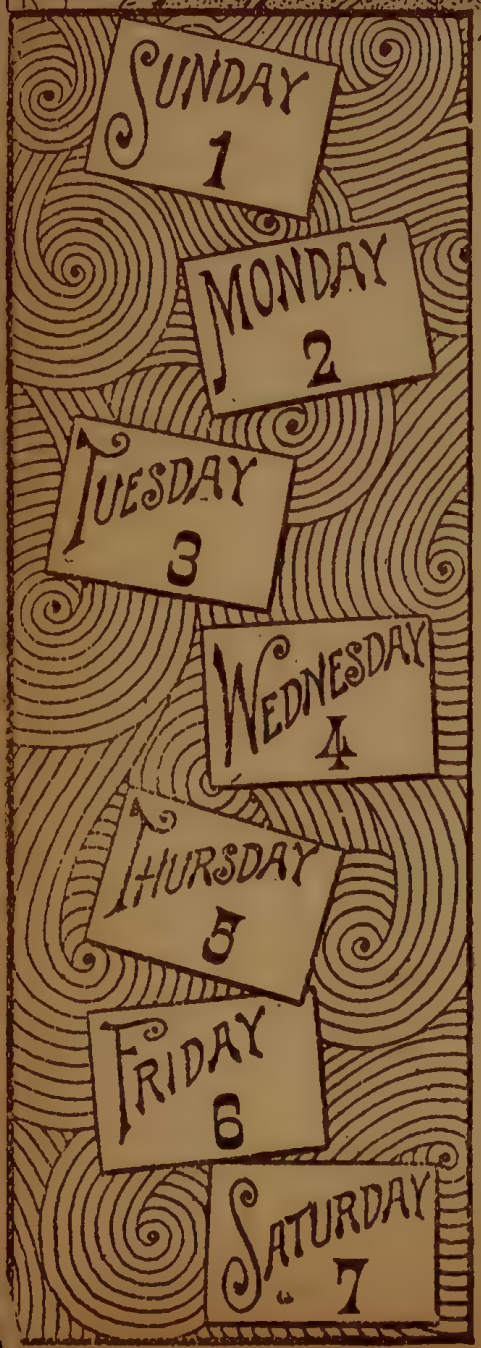
Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care;
But for another gives its ease
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

O thou with dewy locks who lookest down
Thro' the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our Western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

MAY

Robert Browning

1812–1889



The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

All labour, yet no less
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast.

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
But not quite so sunk that moments,
Sure tho' seldom, are denied us,
When the spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones.

What was good shall be good, with, for evil so much good more;
On earth the broken arc; in the heaven a perfect round.

And what is our failure here but a triumphs evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discord in but that harmony should be prized?

Our men scarce seem in earnest now
Distinguished men!—but 'tis, somehow,
As if they played at being names
Still more distinguished, like the games of children.

Art that breaks bounds, gets soaring room.

MAY

Lord Byron

1788-1824

SUNDAY 8

MONDAY 9

TUESDAY 10

WEDNESDAY 11

THURSDAY 12

FRIDAY 13

SATURDAY 14

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture.

Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

I am the very slave of circumstance
And impulse—borne away with every breath!

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.

There is society, where none intrude,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but Nature more.

For in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into an hour.

MAY

Thomas Moore

1779–1852

SUNDAY 15

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!

MONDAY 16

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love.

TUESDAY 17

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close!
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look she turned when he rose.

WEDNESDAY 18

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.

THURSDAY 19

When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.

FRIDAY 20

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but heaven!

SATURDAY 21

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot and all heaven around us.

MAY

Frederick Locker-Lampson

1821-

Life is at best a weary round
Of mingled joy and woe;
How soon the passing knell will sound!
Is death a friend or foe?

The fortunes of men have a time and a tide,
And Fate, the old fury, will not be denied.

Vain the regret—to few, perchance,
Unknown, and profitless to all;
The wisely-gay, as years advance,
Are gaily wise.

They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod—
They go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God,
And more of *Mrs. Grundy.*

Your calm blue eyes have a far-off reach,
Look at me now with those wondrous eyes,
Why are we doomed to the gift of speech,
While you are silent, and sweet, and wise?
You have much to learn—you have more to teach.
Baby mine,

The critics' lot is passing hard—
Between ourselves, I think reviewers,
When call'd to truss a crowing bard,
Should not be sparing of the skewers.

Her locks as white as snow,
Once shamed the swarthy crow;
By and by,
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cruel foot for spite
Near her eye.

MAY

Edmund Spenser

1553–1599

And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of Care;
Which, when I thought have thresht in swelling sheave,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley, bare:
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wavering wynd.

Then as the springe gives place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruit of Sommer's pride;
Also my age, now passed youngthly pryme,
To things of ryper season self applyed.

But Times do change and move continually:
So nothing heire standeth in one stay.

JUNE.

Witnesse the guiltless blood oft poured on ground,
The crowned often slain, the slayer crowned.

Ah! See the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modistee,
That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard.

Through fowle intemperance
Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise;
But would they thinke with how small allowance
Untroubled Nature doth herselfe suffise,
Such superfluities they would despise.

JUNE

John Keats

1795–1821

SUNDAY 5

MONDAY 6

TUESDAY 7

WEDNESDAY 8

THURSDAY 9

FRIDAY 10

SATURDAY 11

Stop and consider! life is but a day;
A fragile dewdrop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit.

And then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.

Here are sweet peas, on tip-toe for a flight;
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—To breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Thou shalt at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies; and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst.

And as in sparkling majesty, a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud;
Brightening the half-veiled face of heaven afar:
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope! Celestial influence round me shred
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

JUNE

Bryan Waller Procter

1787–1874

SUNDAY 12

MONDAY 13

TUESDAY 14

WEDNESDAY 15

THURSDAY 16

FRIDAY 17

SATURDAY 18

Why ask when joy doth smile,
From what bright heaven it fell?
Men mar the beauty of their dreams
By tracing their source too well.

The bloom of the seasons
Will come, will fly;
And the heavens will alter,
We know not why.

Earth will burst her fetters strange
And in spring grow free:
All things in the world will change,
Save—my love for Thee!

Humble voyagers are We,
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us gently, gentle Time.

Hark! Music speaks from the woods and streams;
Amidst the winds, amidst the harmonious rain:
It fills the voice with sweets, the eye with beams;
It stirs the heart; it charms the sting from pain.

Merry Spring, for childish face;
Summer for young manhood bold;
Autumn for a graver race
Winter for the old.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!

JUNE

Adelaide A. Procter

1825–1864

Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty; but alone
Because it leads and tends to farther sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Things of time have voices, speak and perish;
Art and love speak, but their words must be
Like sighings of illimitable forests,
And waves of an unfathomable sea.

I wonder did you ever count
The value of one human fate,
Or sum the infinite amount
Of one heart's treasures, and the weight
Of life's one venture, and the whole concentrate purpose of a soul.

The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

And we say that our life is fleeting
Like a story that time has told;
But we fancy that we—we only—
Are just what we were of old.

Linger, O gentle time,
Linger, O radiant grace of bright to-day!

And who can tell what secret link of thought
Binds heart to heart.

JUNE

Jean Ingelow
1825–

Yet this is sure, the loveliest star
That clustered with its peers we see,
Only because from us so far
Doth near its fellows seem to be.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
For lack of listeners are unsaid.

Doubt, a blank twilight of the heart, which mars
All sweetest colours in its dimness same;
A soul mist, through whose rifts familiar stars,
Beholding, we misname.

Cusha! Cusha! Cusha! calling,
For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses, mellow,
mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!

The race is like a child, as yet
Too young for all things to be set
Plainly before him, with no let
Or hindrance meet for his degree.

JULY

Grand is the leisure of the earth;
She gives her happy myriads birth,
And after harvest fears not death,
But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

JULY

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

1772-1834

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small.

Life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

The Saints will aid if men will call,
For the blue sky bends over all.

For what is freedom, but the unfettered use
Of all the powers which God for use has given

So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

JULY

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

1809–1861

SUNDAY 10

Life treads on life, and heart on heart·
We press too close in church and mart
To keep a dream or grave apart.

MONDAY 11

How doth the wide and melancholy earth
Gather her hills around us, grey and ghast,
And stare with blank significance of loss
Right in our faces.

TUESDAY 12

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion: she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant and wise: I infer
'Twas her thinking of others, made you think
of her.

WEDNESDAY 13

We sow the glebe, we reap the corn,
We build the house where we may rest,
And then, at moments, suddenly
We look up to the great wide sky,
Inquiring wherefore we were born,
For earnest or for jest?

THURSDAY 14

'Tis true that when the dust of death has choked
A great man's voice, the common words he spoke
Turn oracles, the common thoughts he yoked
Like horses, draw like griffins.

FRIDAY 15

Light human nature is too lightly tost
And ruffled without cause, complaining on,
Restless with rest, until, being overthrown,
It learneth to lie quiet.

SATURDAY 16

And having strewn the violets, reap the corn,
And having reaped and garnered, bring the
plough
And draw new furrows 'neath the healthy morn
And plant the great Hereafter in this Now.

JULY

Matthew Arnold

1822–1888

SUNDAY 17

MONDAY 18

TUESDAY 19

WEDNESDAY 20

THURSDAY 21

FRIDAY 22

SATURDAY 23

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At the vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the star-lit sea.

The Gods laugh in their sleeve
To watch man doubt and fear,
Who knows not what to believe
Since he sees nothing clear,
And dares stamp nothing false where he finds
nothing sure.

We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do,
And lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through.

Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let us try
If we then, too, can be such man as he!

God's wisdom and God's goodness!—ay, but fools
Mis-name these till God knows them no more.
Wisdom and goodness, they are God!

Once read thy own breast right,
And thou hast done with fears!
Man gets no other light
Search he a thousand years.

Well for us that we change!
Well for us that the power
Which in our morning prime
Saw the mistakes of our youth.
Sweet and forgiving and good,
Sees the contrition of age.

JULY

Sir Walter Scott

1771–1832

SUNDAY 24

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven.

MONDAY 25

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!

TUESDAY 26

O, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken,
May sooth, or wound, a heart that's broken.

WEDNESDAY 27

In man's most dark extremity
Oft succour dawns from Heaven.

THURSDAY 28

Call it not vain: they do not err
Who say, that, when a poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates her obsequies.

FRIDAY 29

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever.

SATURDAY 30

O Woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

JULY

Owen Meredith

1831–

SUNDAY 31

MONDAY 1

TUESDAY 2

WEDNESDAY 3

THURSDAY 4

FRIDAY 5

SATURDAY 6

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor pelf;
Content to know, and be unknown,
Whole in himself.

AUGUST

Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-ordered will belong,
For service and delight,
All powers that, in despite of wrong,
Establish right.

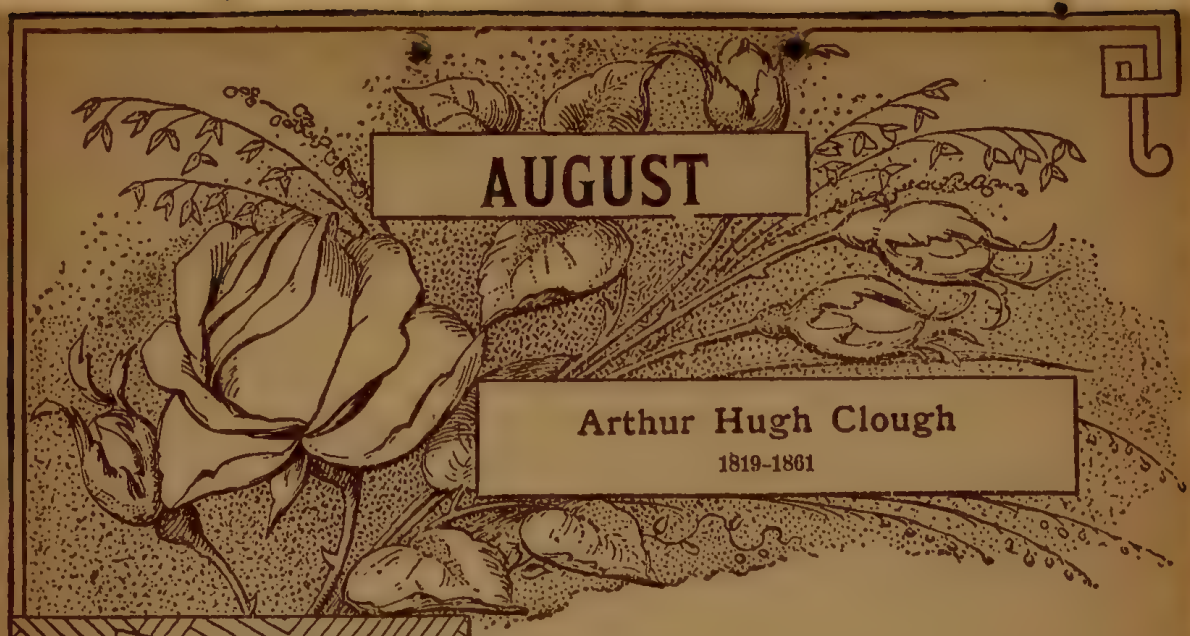
For who, if the rose bloom'd forever, so greatly would care for the rose?

The merely great are all in all,
No more than what the merely small
Esteem them. Man's opinion
Neither confer'd, nor can recall
This man's dominion.

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows,
A harvest of barren regrets.

For man dies! if his glory abideth, himself from his glory shall pass,
And that which remaineth behind, he seeth it not any more.

What is worth living for is worth dying for too.
And therefore all honour, brave hearts! unto you
Who have fallen.



AUGUST

Arthur Hugh Clough

1819-1861

Truth is a golden thread, seen here and there
In small, bright specks, upon the visible side
Of our strange being's party coloured web.

Heaven! to pollute one's finger to pick up
The fallen coin of honour from the dirt—
Pure silver though it be, let it rather lie!

If when in cheerless wanderings, dull and cold,
A sense of human kindliness hath found us,
We seem to have around us
An atmosphere all gold.

And almost every one when age,
Disease, or sorrow strike him,
Inclines to think there is a God,
Or something very like him.

What we call sin,
I could believe a painful opening out
Of paths for ampler virtue.

There are two kindreds upon the earth, I know—
The oppressors and the oppressed. But as for me,
If I must choose to inflict wrong, or accept,
May my last end, and life too, be with these.

You complain of the woman roving from one to another:—
Where is the constant man she is trying to find?

AUGUST

Edwin Arnold

1832–

SUNDAY 14

MONDAY 15

TUESDAY 16

WEDNESDAY 17

THURSDAY 18

FRIDAY 19

SATURDAY 20

But looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life:
How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
And kite on both;—'till everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living upon death.

We are the voices of the wandering wind
Which moans for rest and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind,
Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.

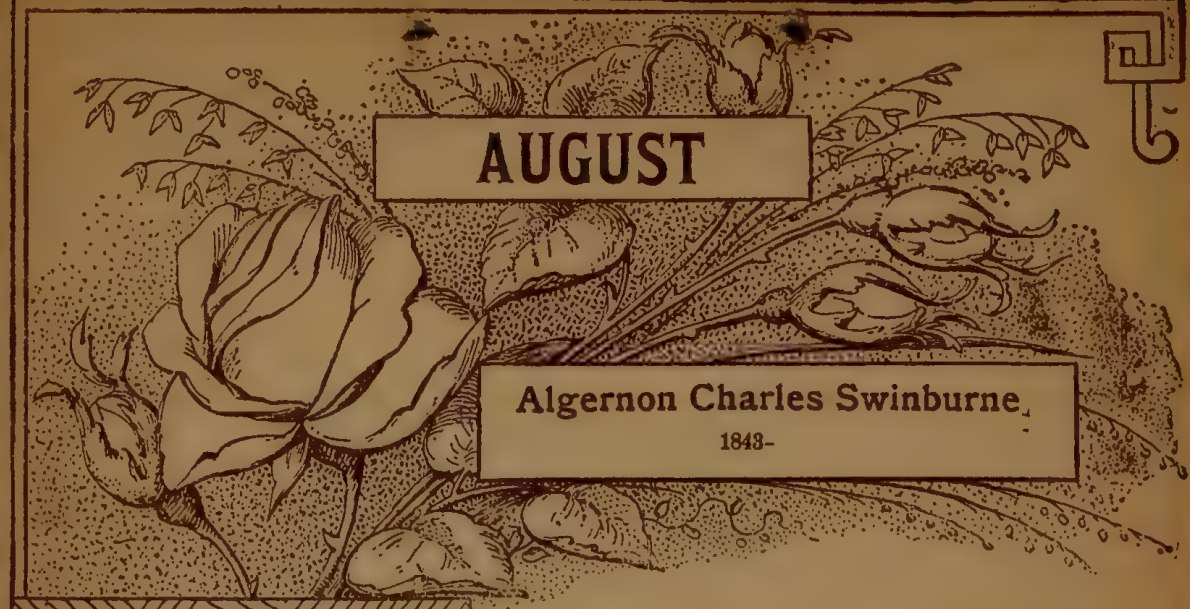
Who doth right deeds
Is twice born, and who doth ill deeds, vile.

Each man's life
The outcome of his former living is.

Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, no caste in tears
Which trickle salt with all.

Evil swells the debt to pay,
Good delivers and acquits;
Shun evil, follow good; hold sway
Over thyself. This is the way.

AUGUST



Algernon Charles Swinburne

1843-

Is it worth a tear, is it worth an hour
To think of things that are well outworn?
Of fruitless husk and fugitive flower,
The dream foregone and the deed forborne.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pastures or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure.

A little time that we may fill
Or with such good works or such ill
As loose the bonds or make them strong
Wherein all manhood suffers wrong.

Thou art the player whose organ keys are thunders,
And I beneath thy foot the pedal prest,
Thou art the ray whereat the rent night sunders,
And I the cloudlet borne upon thy breast.

Change lays not her hand on truth.

But ye, keep ye on earth
Your lips from over-speech,
Loud words and longings are so little worth.

There is an end of grief and mirth,
  There is an end of all things born,
And if ye sow into the earth
  A seed, ye shall have corn.

Reformers of Schools and of States,
  Is mirth so tremendous a crime?
Ah! spare what grim pedantry hates—
  Sweet hours and the fleetest of time!

Mowers, weary and brown and lithe,
  What is the word methinks you know,
Endless over-work that the scythe
  Sings to the blades of grass below!

Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing
  Hush and heed not for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the scythes are swinging
  Over the clover, over the grass.

SEPTEMBER.

The hours are passing slow,
  I hear their weary tread
Clang from the tower, and go
  Back to their kinsfolk dead.
  Sleep! death's twin brother dread!
Why dost thou scorn me so?

O grant me a house by the beach of a bay,
Where the waves can be surly in winter, and play
With the sea-weed in summer, ye bountiful powers!
And I'd leave all the hurry, the noise, and the fray,
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

SEPTEMBER

Edmund William Gosse

1849–

Sad would the salt waves be,
And cold the singing sea,
  And dark the gulfs that echo to the seven-stringed lyre
If things were what they seem,
If life had no fair dream,
  No mirage made to tip the dull sea-line with fire.

Between two golden tufts of summer grass,
I see the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colours pass.

* * * * *

Ah! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle in the new-mown hay;
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

* * * * *

They know so little why the world is sad,
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad;
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad!

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.

As silent rivers into silent lakes
Through hush of reeds that not a murmur breaks,
  Wind, mindful of the poppies whence they came,
So may my life, and calmly burn away
As ceases in a lamp at break of day
  The fragrant remnant of memorial flame.

My life is like a single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's primrose bar,
A microcosm where all things living are.

SEPTEMBER

Eric Mackay

But God is just, He burdens not
The shoulder of the sage;
He pities him whose sight is dim;
He turns no second page.
There are two pages to the book. We men have read the one;
The other needs a spirit-look, in lands beyond the sun.

All things are good; all things incur a debt,
And all must pay the same, or soon or late
The sun will rise betimes, but he must set;
And man must seek the laws he would forget.

There is no comfort in the bitter fee
That scholars pay for fame. True sage is he
Who doubts all doubt, and takes the soul on trust.

The earth is glad, I know, when night is spent,
For then she wakes the birdlings in the bowers;
And one by one the rosy-footed hours
Start for the race; and from his crimson tent
The soldier-sun looks o'er the firmament;
And all his path is strewn with festal flowers.

The world is, to the mind,
Much as we make it; and the things we tend
Wear, for the nonce, the liveries we lend.

'Tis not alone the crown that makes the king;
'Tis service done, 'tis duty to his kind.
The lark that soars so high is quick to sing,
And proud to yield allegiance to the spring.

O dainty thing, on wonder's wing, by life and love elated,
Oh! Sing aloud from cloud to cloud, till day be consecrated;
Till from the gateways of the morn,
The sun, with all his light unshorn,
His robes of darkness round him torn, doth scale the lofty heavens!

SEPTEMBER

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

1828-1882

God's ways are his own;
Man is but shadow and dust.

Life all past
Is like the sky when the sun sets in it,
Clearest where farthest off.

Consider the sea's listless chime:
Time's self it is, made audible,—
The murmur of the earth's own shell.

Let not thine eyes know
Any forbidden thing itself, although
It once should save as well as kill: but be
Its shadow upon life enough for thee.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory.

Her eyes were like the wave within;
Like water-reeds the poise
Of her soft body, dainty thin;
And like the water's noise
Her plaintive voice.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds.

SEPTEMBER

Charles Lamb

1775–1824

Blessed be God,
The measure of his judgment is not fix'd
By man's erroneous standard. He discerns
No such inordinate difference and vast
Betwixt the sinner and the saint, to doom
Such disproportioned fates.

How fine and noble a thing is confidence,
How reasonable, too, and almost godlike!

He is one
Whose sober morning actions
Shame not his o'er night promises.

Talks little, flatters less, and makes no promises;
Why this is he whom the dark-wisdom'd fate
Might trust her counsels of predestination with,
And the world be no loser.

Truth explain'd is to suspicion
Evermore the best physician.

Smiling river, smiling river,
On thy bosom sunbeams play;
Though they're fleeting and retreating,
Thou has more deceit than they.

OCTOBER

'Tis man's worst deed
To let the "things that have been" run to waste,
And in the unmeaning present sink the past.

OCTOBER

Richard Harris Barham

1788-1845

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon
the spraye;
There came a noble knyghte,
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I laye a-thynkynge, he rode upon his way.
As I laye a-thynkynge, the golden sun was
sinking,
Oh merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her
breast

* * * * *

As I laye a-thynkynge, her meaning was exprest:
"Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,"
'Twas so she seemed to say
"Here is Rest!"

Last of all, May'rs and Magistrates, never be rude
To juries! They are people who *wont* be pooh-
poohed!
And, in sooth,
From my youth
I remember a truth,
Insisted on much in my earlier years,
To wit, "Little Pitchers have very long ears!'
There is not a nation in Europe but labours
To toady itself and to humbug its neighbours.

Now, young ladies, to you!
Don't put on the shrew;
And don't be surprised if your father looks blue
When you're pert, and wont act as he wants you
to do!

Believe me, you'll find what I say to be true,
Who runs restive, but find as they bake they
must brew.

OCTOBER

William Morris

1834

O hearken the words of his voice of compassion,
"Come cling round about me, ye faithful who
sicken
Of the weary unrest and the world's passing
fashion!"

To all earthly men,
In spite of right and wrong, and love and hate,
One day shall come the turn of luckless fate.

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasures of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

Fear little, then, I counsel you,
What any son of man can do;
Because a log of wood will last
While many a life of man goes past,
And all is over in short space.

The Gods are kind, and hope to men they give
That they their little span on earth may live,
Nor yet faint utterly.

"O bitter sea, tumultuous sea,
Full many an ill is wrought by thee!"

For happy folk no time can pass too slow
Because they die: because at last they die
And are at rest; no time too fast can fly
For wretches.

OCTOBER

Dinah Mulock Craik

1826

Rest, give me only rest, thou God!
Hide me within the hollow of thy hand
In some dark corner of the universe,
Thy bright, full, busy universe, that blinds,
Deafens, and racks, and tortures—
Give but *rest!*

Year after year the cowslips fill the meadow,
Year after year the skylarks thrill the air,
Year after year, in sunshine or in shadow,
Rolls the world round, love, and finds us as we were.

What if we should quarrel? bless you, all folks do!
Will you take the war ill, yet half like it too?
When I storm and jangle, obstinate, absurd,
Will you sit and wrangle just for the last word?

Love that asketh love again,
Finds the barter nought but pain;
Love that giveth in full store
Aye receives as much and more.

He that has a victory lost
May discomfit yet a host;
And it often doth befall,
He who conquers loses all.

Autumn to winter, winter into spring,
Spring into summer, summer into fall—
So rolls the changing year, and so we change.

Better I like old Autumn
With his hair tossed to and fro,
Firm striding o'er the stubble fields
When the equinoctials blow.

OCTOBER

Christina G. Rossetti

1830

O, that my work were done
As birds that soar
Rejoicing in the sun;
That when my time is run
And daylight too,
I so might rest once more
Cool with refreshing dew.

"O, where are you going with your love-locks flowing,
On the west wind blowing along this valley track?"
"The down-hill path is easy, come with me an' it please ye,
We shall escape the up-hill by never turning back."

Hope, memory, love:
Hope for fair morn, and love for day,
And memory for the evening gray
And solitary dove.

It is over. What is over?
Nay, how much is over truly!
Harvest days we toiled to sow for;
Now the sheaves are gathered newly,
Now the wheat is garnered duly.

It suffices. What suffices?
All suffices reckoned rightly.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

Yea, Autumn's chilly self is going,
And Winter comes, which yet is colder,
Each day the hoar-frost waxes bolder
And the last buds cease blowing.

OCTOBER

Thomas Hood

1798-1845

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

The Autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying;—
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying;—
Old age, begin sighing.

NOVEMBER

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

The year's in the wane,
There is nothing adorning,
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;—
Cold Winter gives warning.

But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,—
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
Or in the wide desert where no life is found.

There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy.

NOVEMBER

Robert Louis Stevenson

1850–

The child, the seed, the grain of corn,
The acorn on the hill,
Each for some separate end is born
In season fit, and still
Each must in strength arise to work the
Almighty will.

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days,
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the world he goes.

Leave not, my soul, the unfoughten field, nor
leave
Thy debts dishonoured, nor thy place desert
Without due service rendered.

A child should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table,
At least, so far as he is able.

NOVEMBER

George Eliot

1819-1880

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence.

Discords quenched by melting harmonies
Die in the large and charitable air:
And all the rarer, truer, better self—
That better self—shall live.

Day is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the day,
Day the Mighty Giver.

Life itself
May not express us all, may leave the worst
And the best too, like times in mechanism
Never awaked.

If conscience has two courts
With differing verdicts, where shall lie the appeal?

Sweet evenings come and go, love,
They came and went of yore;
This evening of our life, love,
Shall go and come no more.

A better time will come, love,
And better souls be born;
I would not be the best, love,
To leave thee now forlorn.

NOVEMBER

Thomas Campbell

1777–1844

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust.
Ordained to fire th' adoring sons of earth,
With every charm of wisdom and of worth.

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.

Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!

But can the noble mind forever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius brightening into day?

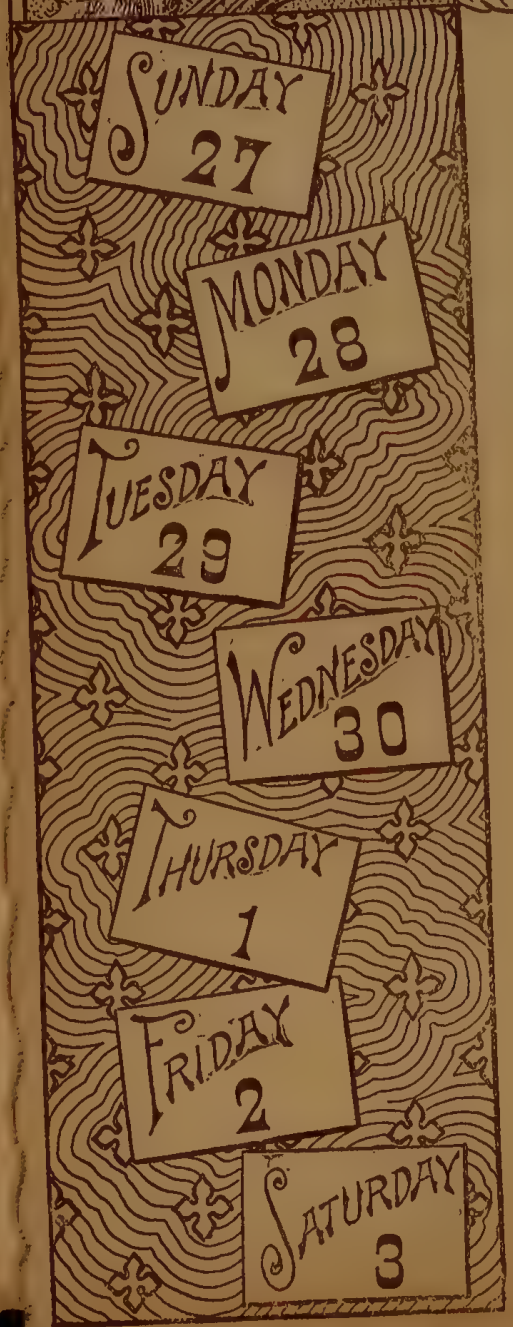
Eternal Nature! When thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fix'd the trembling land
When life sprang startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?

Man! Can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?
Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?

NOVEMBER

Austin Dobson

1840–



Many there be by the dusty way,
Many that cry to the rocks and the seas
"Give us—ah! give us—but yesterday!"

Then a book was still a Book,
Where a wistful man might look,
Finding something through the whole
Beating—like a human soul.

Ah, world of ours, are you so gray
And weary, world, of spinning,
That you repeat the tales to-day
You told at the beginning?

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died; but no;
Death will not have it so.

DECEMBER.

Last of all the shrunk December
Cowled for age, in ashen gray;
Fading like a fading ember,
Last of all the shrunk December.
Him regarding, men remember
Life and joy must pass away.

We pass and think we see
The earth's fix'd surface flee;
Alas, Time stays—we go!

This is earth's bitter cup;
Only to seek, not know.

DECEMBER

Alfred Lord Tennyson

1809–

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

God gives us love, something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

I wondered while I passed along,
The woods were filled so full of song,
There seemed no room for sense of wrong.

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forever more,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

DECEMBER

Charles Kingsley

1819–1875

SUNDAY 11

MONDAY 12

TUESDAY 13

WEDNESDAY 14

THURSDAY 15

FRIDAY 16

SATURDAY 17

And even at the loom of Birth
The mighty mother weaves and sings;
She weaves—fresh robes for mangled earth:
She sings—fresh hopes for desperate things.

And thou, too: if through Nature's calm
Some strain of music touch thine ears,
Accept and share that soothing balm,
And sing, though choked with pitying tears.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

Loose the sail, rest the oar, float away down,
Fleeting and gliding by tower and town.
Life is so short at best! snatch while thou canst,
Thy rest.

Why were we born but for bliss?
Why are we ripe but to fall?
Dream not that duty can bar thee from beauty,
Like water and sunshine, the heirloom of all.

Lips were made only to kiss;
Hands were made only to toy;
Eyes were made only to lure on the lonely,
The longing, the loving, and drown them in joy!

DECEMBER

Lewis Morris

1833–

And when the precious hours are done,
How sweet at set of sun
To gather up the fair laborious day!
To have struck some blow for right
With tongue or pen.

The powers of Pain and Wrong,
Immeasurably strong,
Assail our souls, and chill with common doubt,
Clear brain and heart devout.

And sometimes Wrong and Right, the thing we fear,
The thing we cherish, draw confusedly near;
We know not which to choose, we cannot separate
Our longing and our hate.

How strange the scheme of things, how brief a span
The little life of man!

Who shall read us the riddle of life—
The prodigal waste, which naught can redress
But a cycle of sorrow and strife,
The continual sequence of pain,
The perpetual triumph of wrong.

Are there no wasted minds among men—
No hearts that aspire and sigh
For the hopes which the years steal away?

Not in clear eye or ear
Dwells our chief profit here.
We are not as the brutes, who fade and make no sign;
We are sustain'd where'er we go,
In happiness and woe,
By some indwelling faculty divine.

DECEMBER

Wm. Makepeace Thackeray

1811–1863

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The mahogany tree.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart.

O vanity of vanities!
How wayward the decrees of fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

And see! above the fabric vast,
God's boundless heaven is bending blue,
God's peaceful sunlight's beaming through,
And shines o'er all.

The triumphs and defeats of boys
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes,—
Wait till you come to Forty year.

Be this, good friends, our carol still,
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

1892

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DEC'R	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
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